

# The vnnaturall Wife:

Or,

The lamentable Murther, of one goodman *Davis, Locke-Smith* in Tutle-streete, who was stabbed to death by his Wife, on the 29. of *June*, 1628. For which fact, She was Araigned, Condemned, and Adjudged, to be Burnt to Death in *Smithfield*, the 12. *July* 1628.

To the tune of Bragandary.



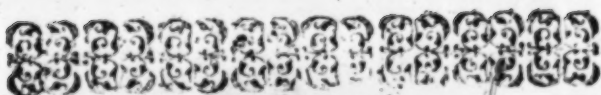
**I** F woefull objects may excite,  
the minde to ruth and pittie,  
Then here is one will thee affright  
in Westminster faire Citie:  
A strange inhumane Murther there,  
To God, and Man as doth appeare:  
oh murther,  
most inhumane,  
To spill my Husbands blood.

But God that rules the host of Heauen,  
did giue me ore to sinne,  
And to vild wrath my minde was giuen,  
which long I lined in;  
But now too late I doe repent,  
And for the same my heart doth reut:  
oh murther,  
most inhumane,  
To spill my Husbands blood,

Let all curst Wiues by me take heed,  
how they doe, doe the like,  
Cause not thy Husband for to bleed,  
nor lift thy hand to strike;  
Lest like to me, you burne in fire,  
Because of cruell rage and ire:  
oh murther,  
most inhumane,  
To spill my Husbands blood.

A Locke-Smith late in Westminster,  
my Husband was by trade,  
And well he lived by his Art,  
though oft I him vbraide;  
And often times would chide and braille,  
And many ill names would him call:  
oh murther,  
most inhumane,  
To spill my Husbands blood.

## The second part.



## To the same Tune.

Life faine I would haue fetcht againe,  
but now it was too late,  
I did repent I him had slaine,  
in this my heauie state :  
The Constable did beare me then  
Vnto a Iustice with his men :  
oh murther, &c.

Then Iustice me to Newgate sent,  
vntill the Sessions came,  
For this same foule and bloody fact,  
to answer for the same ;  
When at the Barre I did appeare,  
The Iury found me guiltie there :  
oh murther, &c.

The Iudge gaue sentence thus on me,  
that backe I should returne  
To Newgate, and then at a Stake;  
my bones an' sh' should burne  
To ashes, in the winde to flie,  
Vpon the Earth, and in the Skie,  
oh murther, &c.

Vpon the twelfth of Iuely now,  
I on a Hurdle plac't,  
Vnto my Execution drawne,  
by weeping eyes I past;  
And there in Smith-field at a Stake,  
My latest breath I there did take :  
oh mur-der, &c.

And being chayned to the Stake,  
both Keeses and Faggots then  
Close to my Body there was set,  
with Pitch, Tarre, and Rozen,  
Then to the heauenly Lord I prayd,  
That he would be my strength and ayde,  
oh murther,  
most inhumane,  
To spill my husbands blood.

Let me a warning be to Wiues,  
that are of hasty kinde,  
Lord grant that all may mend their liues,  
and beare my death in minde,  
And let me be the last I pray,  
That ere may dye by such like way.  
Oh Father  
for thy Sonnes sake,  
Forgiue my finnes for aye.

**I** And my Husband fourth had bin,  
at Supper at that time,  
When as I did commit that sin,  
which was a bloody crime;  
And coming home he then did craue,  
A Shilling of me for to haue :  
oh mur-der,  
most inhumane,  
To spill my Husbands blood.

I vow'd he should no Money get,  
and I my vow did keepe,  
Which then did cause him for to fret,  
but now it makes me weere ;  
And then in struuing for the same,  
I drew my knife vnto my shame :  
oh murther,  
most inhumane,  
To spill my Husbands blood.

Most desperately I stab'd him then,  
with this my fatall knife,  
Which is a warning to Women,  
to take their Husbands life ;  
Then out of doores I streight did runne,  
And sayd that I was quite vndon,  
oh murther,  
most inhumane,  
To spill my Husbands blood.

My Husband I did say was slaine,  
amongst my Neighbours there,  
And to my house they straite way came,  
being posselt with feare ;  
And then they found him on the floore,  
Starke dead all weltring in his goore,  
oh murther,  
most inhumane,  
To spill my Husbands blood.

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FINIS